

sin? God forbid." But again;—you ought to commit suicide to be free from pain and sorrow,—the *consequences* of sin. As you believe that in this life only you are punished for sin,—that hell is all in this world, which is as it were a vast valley of the son of Hinno, —that it is here, and here *only* that damnation is measured out to the ungodly, we say to you again, "work out your own salvation." Our Lord said to the wicked scribes and Pharisees of his day, "Ye generation of vipers! how can you escape the damnation of Hell?" It appears they *could* not. But this might have been owing to their cowardice, Or it might have been the want of faith,—that is, faith in Universalism. But *you* have faith, and you will give an evidence of it if you escape. Do so. Let men and angels, yea, let the Saviour himself see, that as quick as the lightning from the thunder-cloud you can escape the damnation of hell. Avail yourselves then of your faith and escape. The apostle adds, "With fear and trembling." As to this I suppose much will depend on the state of mind you are in. If you are one of those half-hearted, half-enlightened Universalists, no doubt you will tremble. Or if you are even strong in the faith, and get much excited at the time, doubtless you will fulfil the requirement of the text,—you will fear and tremble, I assure you. Having as we believe, shown you your duty as Universalists, we will now bring some motives to induce you to act. And first, we remark, that, like the Israelites in the wilderness, no doubt you wish to know something of the promised land. It is indeed very natural for people, before they emigrate to a foreign land, to wish to know something about the country and those who dwell there. And when they cannot for some reason, see it first themselves, they choose to learn by letter. Well then, we have had several letters sent to us from the heavenly country. It is beautifully described by one John, commonly called the Revelator; who had some kind of view of it. He says, "There is no night there." Nay, that there is no need of the sun which lights up our prison. He also speaks of rivers and fruit trees. His description of the city he saw is very minute, and certainly for grandeur and symmetry, it as far exceeds any thing you ever saw, as a palace does a hovel. As to the inhabitants, they are angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. You can have no fault to find with them, though some of the latter might have been orthodox previous to emigration. But they are pure and holy *now*; for the city itself is called the *holy city*. And we are told that nothing unholy or unclean can enter there. How can they, when they must die in order to get there?—And death you know makes every body holy. Yes, there appears to be a purifying influence about death, some way or other, though I believe it is incomprehensible: but you believe it is so, and that is enough. Well, what say you about entering the city of the